

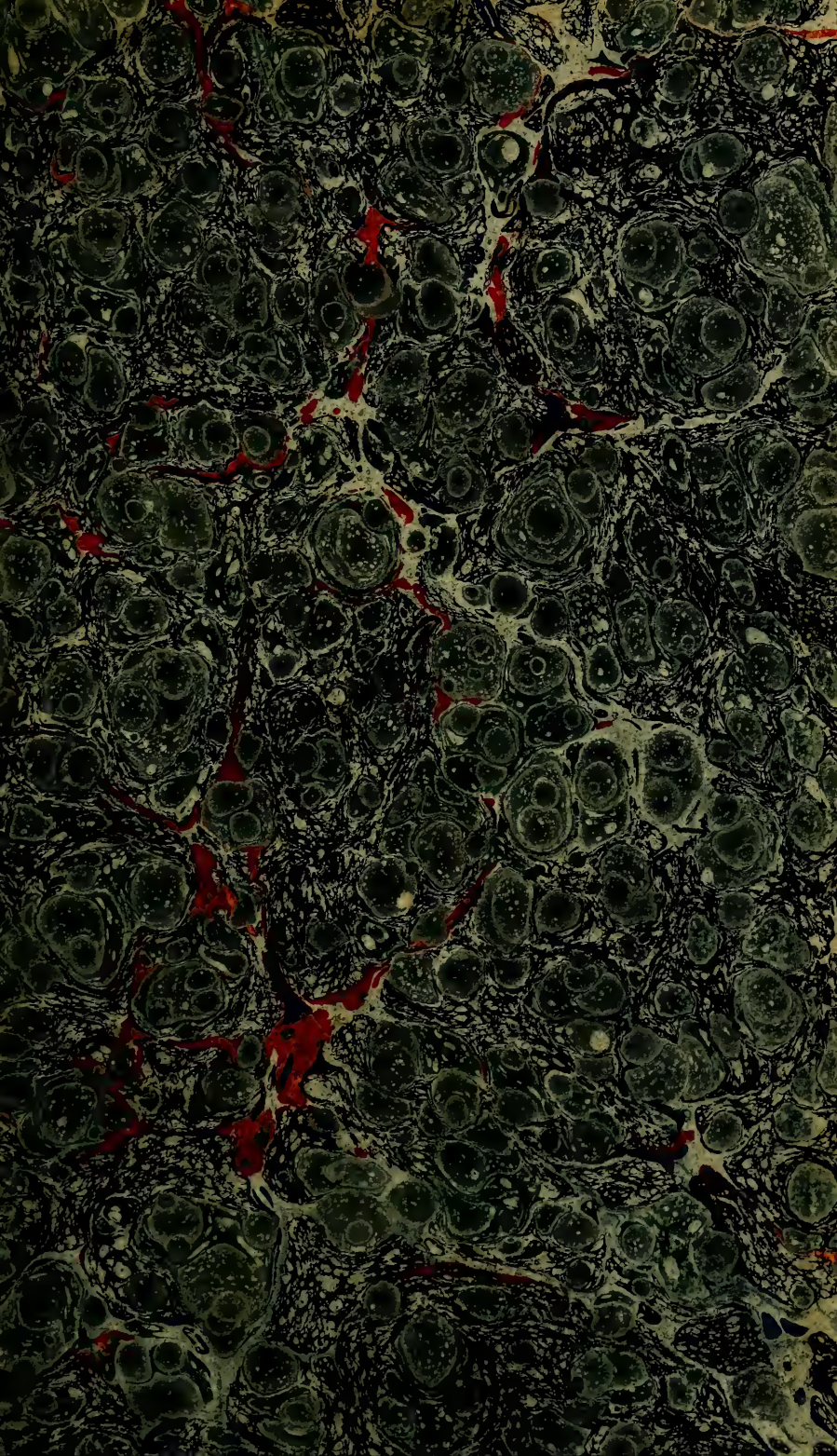


The image shows the front cover of a book. The background is a dark, intricate marbled paper with swirling patterns of green, black, and red. In the center, there is a white rectangular label with a thin black border. The text on the label is printed in a serif font.

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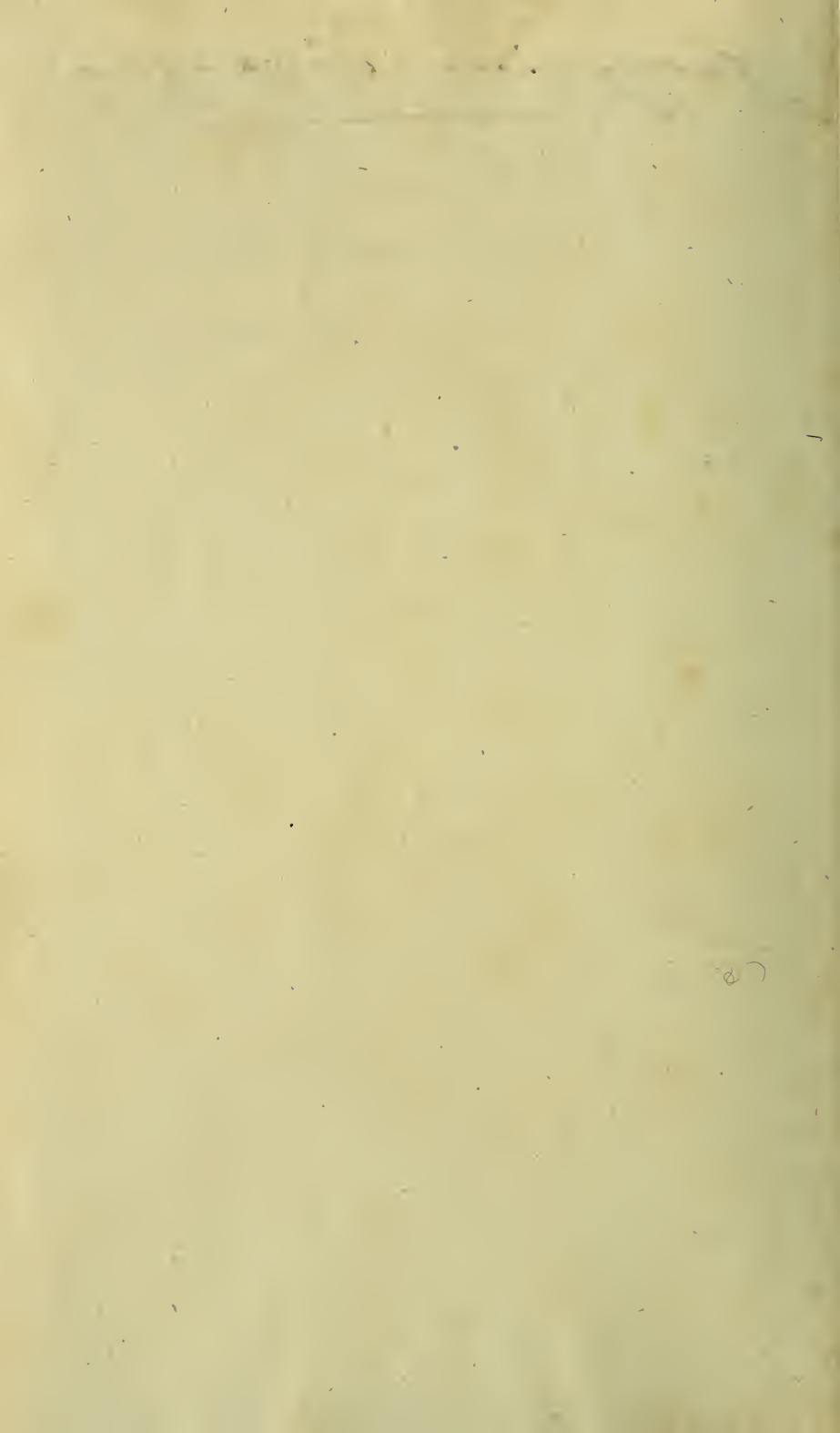


1) 1st edition, 2nd issue, variant


2) 1st edition, 2nd issue

3) 6th edition.

Georgiana Cockayne







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THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

A TURKISH TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

“ One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
“ It’s bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes—
“ To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
“ For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.”

MOORE.

THE TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars,

FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1814.



TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;

RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time;” or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprize, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb¹ which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain— 5
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight, 10
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling—Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave; 15

And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue chrystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air,
That wakes and wafts the odours there! 20
For there—the Rose o’er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,²

 The maid for whom his melody—
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover’s tale; 25
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill’d by snows,
Far from the winters of the west
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given 30
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share, 35
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;

Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar³ 40
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay. 45
Strange—that where Nature lov'd to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed—
There man, enamour'd of distress, 50
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour ;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land, 55
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
Strange—that where all is peace beside
There passion riots in her pride,

And lust and rapine wildly reign, 60
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And fixed, on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell— 65
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness, 70
The last of danger and distress;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there— 75
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow, 80
Where cold Obstruction's apathy⁴

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone, 85
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!¹⁵
Such is the aspect of this shore— 90
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there:
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath; 95
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away! 100
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!—
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave— 105
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach thou craven crouching slave—
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave 110
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes—their story not unknown—
Arise, and make again your own; 115
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear, 120
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won. 125

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom 130
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die! 135
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
Yes! Self-abasement pav'd the way 140
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?

No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore, 145
When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime ;
Now crawl from cradle to the grave, 150
Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,⁶
And callous, save to crime ;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
Without even savage virtue blest, 155
Without one free or valiant breast.
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd. 160
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale, 165
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat 170
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
 And fearful for his light caique
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil, 175
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed? 180
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side, 185
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast,

And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!⁷ 190
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface ;
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt, 195
Though bent on earth thine evil eye
As meteor like thou glidest by,
Right well I view, and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened—and he drew 200
My gaze of wonder as he flew :
Though like a demon of the night
He passed and vanished from my sight ;
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast ; 205
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed—he nears the steep,
'That jutting shadow's o'er the deep—

He winds around—he hurries by— 210
The rock relieves him from mine eye—
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight. 215
He wound along—but ere he passed
One glance he snatched—as if his last—
A moment checked his wheeling steed—
A moment breathed him from his speed—
A moment on his stirrup stood— 220
Why looks he o’er the olive wood?—
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque’s high lamps are quivering still;
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaïke, ⁸ 225
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem’s zeal.
To-night—set Rhamazani’s sun—
To-night—the Bairam feast’s begun—
To-night—but who and what art thou 230
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?

And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?
He stood—some dread was on his face—
Soon Hatred settled in its place— 235
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's darkening blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent—his eye was glazed— 240
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised;
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly;—
Impatient of his flight delayed
Here loud his raven charger neighed— 245
Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade—
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.—
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides—
Away—away—for life he rides— 250
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed,⁹
Springs to the touch his startled steed,

The rock is doubled—and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more—
The crag is won—no more is seen 255
His Christian crest and haughty mien.—
'Twas but an instant—he, restrained
That fiery barb so sternly reined—
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued; 260
But in that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll;
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears, 265
Such moment pours the grief of years—
What felt *he* then—at once oppress
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause—which pondered o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date! 270
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,

Which in itself can comprehend 275
Woe without name—or hope—or end.—

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,
And did he fly or fall alone?
Woe to that hour he came or went,
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 280
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,¹⁰
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death— 285
Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall,
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall
The lonely Spider's thin grey pall 290
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The Bat builds in his Haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;

The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim, 295
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day— 300
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright, 305
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.—
And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast 310
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been sooth'd by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.— 315
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close—

The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed !—
And here no more shall human voice 320
Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail—
That quenched in silence—all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill— 325
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desart sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief 330
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, "all are not gone ;
"There lingers Life, though but in one—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear ; 335
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way—
But Gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;

Nor there will wandering Dervise stay, 340

For Bounty cheers not his delay ;

Nor there will weary stranger halt

To bless the sacred " bread and salt." ¹¹

Alike must Wealth and Poverty

Pass heedless and unheeded by, 345

For Courtesy and Pity died

With Hassan on the mountain side.—

His roof—that refuge unto men—

Is Desolation's hungry den.—

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour, 350

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ! ¹²

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,

But not a voice mine ear to greet—

More near—each turban I can scan,

And silver-sheathed ataghan ; ¹³ 355

The foremost of the band is seen

An Emir by his garb of green : ¹⁴

" Ho ! who art thou?—this low salam ¹⁵

" Replies of Moslem faith I am.

“ The burthen ye so gently bear, 360
 “ Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 “ And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 “ My humble bark would gladly wait.”

“ Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,
 “ And waft us from the silent shore ; 365
 “ Nay, leave the sail still furl’d, and ply
 “ The nearest oar that’s scatter’d by,
 “ And midway to those rocks where sleep
 “ The channel’d waters dark and deep.—
 “ Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370
 “ Our course has been right swiftly run,
 “ Yet ’tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 “ That one of— * * * *
 * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ; 375
 I watch’d it as it sank, methought
 Some motion from the current caught

Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream—
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view, 380
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep, 385
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen¹⁶ of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye : 395
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed, 400
Woe waits the insect and the maid,
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, or man's caprice :
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught, 405
For every touch that wooed it's stay
Has brush'd the brightest hues away ;
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, 410
Ah! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower ? 415
No : gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shewn
To every failing but their own,

And every woe a tear can claim 420
Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows
The flames around their captive close, 425
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain, 430
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain.—
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire ;¹⁷
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven, 435
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!—

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes, 440
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell? 445
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away;
When Rhamazan's¹⁸ last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret 450
Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath,
But she was flown her master's rage 455
In likeness of a Georgian page;
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd, 460

Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserv'd a grave :
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell, 465
Who did not watch their charge too well ;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's ¹⁹ trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen—but seen alone to speed 470
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.
* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well, 475
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid ²⁰.

Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say 480
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's ²¹ arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view, 485
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed ²²
Which saith, that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust? 490
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone—
On her fair cheek's unfading hue,
The young pomegranate's ²³ blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new— 495
Her hair in hyacinthine ²⁴ flow
When left to roll its folds below;
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet 500
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet

Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water—
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter— 505
The loveliest bird of Franguestan! ²⁵
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide; 510
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait; 515
Her heart as tender to her mate—
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train, 520
Each arm'd as best becomes a man
With arquebuss and ataghan;

The chief before, as deck'd for war
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood, 525
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore, 530
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.—
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower, 535
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer; 540
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek

In cities lodg'd too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see, 545
In crowds a slave, in deserts free ;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap, 550
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile ;
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And their's may be a feast to-night, 555
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there. 560
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,

By time or mountain lightning riven,
 From summits clad in mists of heaven ;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd ? 565

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last,
 “ Bismillah !²⁶ now the peril's past ;
 “ For yonder view the opening plain,
 “ And there we'll prick our steeds amain :” 570

The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head ;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground !

Scarce had they time to check the rein
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound, 575

But three shall never mount again,
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.

With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant, 580

Half shelter'd by the steed,
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,

Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen, 585
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590
Have well secur'd the only way
Could now avail the promis'd prey ;
Then curl'd his very beard²⁷ with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire.
“ Though far and near the bullets hiss, 595
“ I've scaped a bloodier hour than this.”
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit ;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword, 600
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan—
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!²⁸
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambush'd foes appear, 605

And issuing from the grove advance,
Some who on battle charger prance.—
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?

“ ’Tis he—’tis he—I know him now, 610

“ I know him by his pallid brow;

“ I know him by the evil eye²⁹

“ That aids his envious treachery;

“ I know him by his jet-black barb,

“ Though now array’d in Arnaut garb, 615

“ Apostate from his own vile faith,

“ It shall not save him from the death;

“ ’Tis he, well met in any hour,

“ Lost Leila’s love—accursed Giaour!”

As rolls the river into ocean, 620

In sable torrent wildly streaming;

As the sea-tide’s opposing motion

In azure column proudly gleaming,

Beats back the current many a rood,

In curling foam and mingling flood; 625

While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter rave;
Through sparkling spray in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drive along. 635
The bickering sabres' shivering jar
And pealing wide—or ringing near
It's echoes on the throbbing ear
The deathshot hissing from afar—
The shock—the shout—the groan of war— 640
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—their's the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press, 645
To seize and share the dear caress;

But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant,
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold;
 Friends meet to part—Love laughs at faith;—
 True foes, once met, are joined till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt, 655
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold; 660
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore 665
 A fragment of his palampore,^{3°}

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy, 670
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave, 675
 “ But his shall be a redder grave ;
 “ Her spirit pointed well the steel
 “ Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 “ He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 “ Was vain against the vengeful Giaour : 680
 “ He call'd on Alla—but the word
 “ Arose unheeded or unheard.
 “ Thou Paynim fool!—could Leila's prayer
 “ Be pass'd, and thine accorded there ?
 “ I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these, 685
 “ The traitor in his turn to seize ;

“ My wrath is wreak’d, the deed is done,

“ And now I go—but go alone.”

* * * * *

* * * * *

The browsing camels’ bells are tinkling—

His Mother looked from her lattice high, 690

She saw the dews of eve besprinkling

The pasture green beneath her eye,

She saw the planets faintly twinkling,

“ ’Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.”—

She could not rest in the garden-bower, 695

But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower—

“ Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,

“ Nor shrink they from the summer heat ;

“ Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift,

“ Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift? 700

“ Oh, false reproach ! yon Tartar now

“ Has gained our nearest mountain’s brow,

“ And warily the steep descends,

“ And now within the valley bends;

“ And he bears the gift at his saddle bow— 705

“ How could I deem his courser slow ?

“ Right well my largess shall repay

“ His welcome speed, and weary way.”—

The Tartar lighted at the gate,

But scarce upheld his fainting weight ; 710

His swarthy visage spake distress,

But this might be from weariness ;

His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,

But these might be from his courser's side ;—

He drew the token from his vest— 715

Angel of Death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !

His calpac³¹ rent—his caftan red—

“ Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed—

“ Me, not from mercy, did they spare,

“ But this empurpled pledge to bear. 720

“ Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt—

“ Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt.”

* * * * *

A turban ³² carv'd in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read 725
The Koran verse that mourns the dead;
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee; 730
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" ³³
Yet died he by a stranger's hand, 735
And stranger in his native land—
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unaveng'd, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite, 740
And the dark Heaven of Houri's eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave, ³⁴
And welcome with a kiss the brave!

Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour, 745
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's³⁵ scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'³⁶ throne; 750
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—
Around—within—thy heart shall dwell,
Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!—
But first, on earth as Vampire³⁷ sent, 755
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race,
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life; 760
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse;
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the dæmon for their sire,

As cursing thee, thou cursing them, 765
Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall—
The youngest—most belov'd of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame! 770
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear 775
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn,
Affection's fondest pledge was worn;
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony! 780
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,³³
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave—
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;

Till these in horror shrink away 785
From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?

“ His features I have scann’d before

“ In mine own land—’tis many a year,

“ Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790

“ I saw him urge as fleet a steed

“ As ever serv’d a horseman’s need.

“ But once I saw that face—yet then

“ It was so mark’d with inward pain

“ I could not pass it by again ; 795

“ It breathes the same dark spirit now,

“ As death were stamped upon his brow.

“ ’Tis twice three years at summer tide

“ Since first among our freres he came ;

“ And here it soothes him to abide 800

“ For some dark deed he will not name.

“ But never at our vesper prayer,

“ Nor e’er before confession chair

- “ Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
“ Incense or anthem to the skies, 805
“ But broods within his cell alone,
“ His faith and race alike unknown.
“ The sea from Paynim land he crost,
“ And here ascended from the coast,
“ Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810
“ But only Christian in his face :
“ I’d judge him some stray renegade,
“ Repentant of the change he made,
“ Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
“ Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine. 815
“ Great largess to these walls he brought,
“ And thus our abbot’s favour bought ;
“ But were I Prior, not a day
“ Should brook such stranger’s further stay,
“ Or pent within our penance cell 820
“ Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
“ Much in his visions mutters he
“ Of maiden ’whelmed beneath the sea ;
“ Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,
“ Wrongs aveng’d—and Moslem dying. 825

“ On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 “ And rave as to some bloody hand
 “ Fresh sever’d from its parent limb,
 “ Invisible to all but him,
 “ Which beckons onward to his grave, 830
 “ And lures to leap into the wave.”

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Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl—
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by— 835
 Though varying—indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue—
 For in it lurks that nameless spell
 Which speaks—itself unspeakable—
 A spirit yet unquelled and high 840
 That claims and keeps ascendancy,
 And like the bird whose pinions quake—
 But cannot fly the gazing snake—
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor ’scape the glance they scarce can brook. 845

From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire—
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile—
Not oft to smile descendeth he, 850
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever—
As if his sorrow or disdain 855
Forbade him e'er to smile again.—
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er deriv'd its birth.—
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face— 860
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed—
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded— 865
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds—and fitting doom—

The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high.—
Alas! though both bestowed in vain, 870
Which Grief could change—and Guilt could stain—
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.— 875
The roofless cot decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by—
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye— 880
Each ivied arch—and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

“ His floating robe around him folding,
“ Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle—
“ With dread beheld—with gloom beholding 885
“ The rites that sanctify the pile.
“ But when the anthem shakes the choir,
“ And kneel the monks—his steps retire—

- “ By yonder lone and wavering torch
“ His aspect glares within the porch ; 890
“ There will he pause till all is done—
“ And hear the prayer—but utter none.
“ See—by the half-illumin’d wall
“ His hood fly back—his dark hair fall—
“ That pale brow wildly wreathing round, 895
“ As if the Gorgon there had bound
“ The sablest of the serpent-braid
“ That o’er her fearful forehead strayed.
“ For he declines the convent oath,
“ And leaves those locks unhallowed growth— 900
“ But wears our garb in all beside ;
“ And—not from piety but pride
“ Gives wealth to walls that never heard
“ Of his one holy vow nor word.—
“ Lo !—mark ye—as the harmony 905
“ Peals louder praises to the sky—
“ That livid cheek—that stoney air
“ Of mixed defiance and despair!
“ Saint Francis! keep him from the shrine!
“ Else may we dread the wrath divine 910

“ Made manifest by awful sign.—

“ If ever evil angel bore

“ The form of mortal, such he wore—

“ By all my hope of sins forgiven

“ Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!” 915

To love the softest hearts are prone,

But such can ne’er be all his own;

Too timid in his woes to share,

Too meek to meet, or brave despair;

And sterner hearts alone may feel 920

The wound that time can never heal.

The rugged metal of the mine

Must burn before its surface shine,

But plung’d within the furnace-flame,

It bends and melts—though still the same; 925

Then tempered to thy want, or will,

’Twill serve thee to defend or kill;

A breast-plate for thine hour of need,

Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;

But if a dagger’s form it bear, 930

Let those who shape it’s edge, beware!

Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain, 935
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *
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If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacapt bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less. 940
 We loathe what none are left to share—
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate,
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel 945
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay! 950

It is as if the desert-bird,³⁹

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream ;

To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,

Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd ;

Should rend her rash devoted breast, 955

And find them flown her empty nest.

The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void—

The leafless desert of the mind—

The waste of feelings unemploy'd— 960

Who would be doom'd to gaze upon

A sky without a cloud or sun ?

Less hideous far the tempest's roar,

Than ne'er to brave the billows more—

Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er, 965

A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,

'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,

Unseen to drop by dull decay ;—

Better to sink beneath the shock

Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! 970

* * * * *

- “ Father ! thy days have pass’d in peace,
“ Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
“ To bid the sins of others cease,
“ Thyself without a crime or care,
“ Save transient ills that all must bear, 975
“ Has been thy lot, from youth to age,
“ And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
“ Of passions fierce and uncontroul’d,
“ Such as thy penitents unfold,
“ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980
“ Within thy pure and pitying breast.
“ My days, though few, have pass’d below
“ In much of joy, but more of woe ;
“ Yet still in hours of love or strife,
“ I’ve scap’d the weariness of life ; 985
“ Now leagu’d with friends, now girt by foes,
“ I loath’d the languor of repose ;
“ Now nothing left to love or hate,
“ No more with hope or pride elate ;
“ I’d rather be the thing that crawls 990
“ Most noxious o’er a dungeon’s walls,

“ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,

“ Condemn’d to meditate and gaze—

“ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast

“ For rest—but not to feel ’tis rest— 995

“ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;

“ And I shall sleep without the dream

“ Of what I was, and would be still,

“ Dark as to thee my deeds may seem—

“ My memory now is but the tomb 1000

“ Of joys long dead—my hope—their doom—

“ Though better to have died with those

“ Than bear a life of lingering woes—

“ My spirit shrunk not to sustain

“ The searching throes of ceaseless pain; 1005

“ Nor sought the self-accorded grave

“ Of ancient fool, and modern knave:

“ Yet death I have not fear’d to meet,

“ And in the field it had been sweet

“ Had danger wooed me on to move 1010

“ The slave of glory, not of love.

“ I’ve brav’d it—not for honour’s boast;

“ I smile at laurels won or lost.—

“ To such let others carve their way,
 “ For high renown, or hireling pay; 1015
 “ But place again before my eyes
 “ Aught that I deem a worthy prize;—
 “ The maid I love—the man I hate—
 “ And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 “ (To save or slay—as these require) 1020
 “ Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
 “ Nor need’st thou doubt this speech from one
 “ Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 “ Death is but what the haughty brave—
 “ The weak must bear—the wretch must crave— 1025
 “ Then let Life go to him who gave:
 “ I have not quailed to danger’s brow—
 “ When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

“ I lov’d her, friar! nay, adored—
 “ But these are words that all can use— 1030
 “ I prov’d it more in deed than word—
 “ There’s blood upon that dinted sword—

- “ A stain it's steel can never lose :
“ 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
“ It warmed the heart of one abhorred : 1035
“ Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
“ Nor midst my sins such act record,
“ Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
“ For he was hostile to thy creed !
“ The very name of Nazarene 1040
“ Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,
“ Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,
“ Well wielded in some hardy hands ;
“ And wounds by Galileans given,
“ The surest pass to Turkish heav'n ; 1045
“ For him his Houris still might wait
“ Impatient at the prophet's gate.
“ I lov'd her—love will find its way
“ Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
“ And if it dares enough, 'twere hard 1050
“ If passion met not some reward—
“ No matter how—or where—or why,
“ I did not vainly seek—nor sigh :

- “ Yet sometimes with remorse in vain
“ I wish she had not lov’d again. 1055
“ She died—I dare not tell thee how,
“ But look—’tis written on my brow !
“ There read of Cain the curse and crime,
“ In characters unworn by time :
“ Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause— 1060
“ Not mine the act, though I the cause ;
“ Yet did he but what I had done
“ Had she been false to more than one ;
“ Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
“ But true to me—I laid him low ; 1065
“ Howe’er deserv’d her doom might be,
“ Her treachery was truth to me ;
“ To me she gave her heart, that all
“ Which tyranny can ne’er enthrall ;
“ And I, alas ! too late to save, 1070
“ Yet all I then could give—I gave—
“ ’Twas some relief—our foe a grave.
“ His death sits lightly ; but her fate
“ Has made me—what thou well may’st hate.
“ His doom was seal’d—he knew it well, 1075

- “ Warn’d by the voice of stern Taheer,
“ Deep in whose darkly boding ear⁴⁰
“ The deathshot peal’d of murder near—
“ As filed the troop to where they fell!
“ He died too in the battle broil— 1080
“ A time that heeds nor pain nor toil—
“ One cry to Mahomet for aid,
“ One prayer to Alla—all he made :
“ He knew and crossed me in the fray—
“ I gazed upon him where he lay, 1085
“ And watched his spirit ebb away ;
“ Though pierced like Pard by hunters’ steel,
“ He felt not half that now I feel.
“ I search’d, but vainly search’d to find,
“ The workings of a wounded mind; 1090
“ Each feature of that sullen corpse
“ Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
“ Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
“ Despair upon his dying face !
“ The late repentance of that hour, 1095
“ When Penitence hath lost her power

“ To tear one terror from the grave—

“ And will not soothe, and can not save!

* * * * *

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood,

“ Their love can scarce deserve the name ; 1100

“ But mine was like the lava flood

“ That boils in Ætna’s breast of flame,

“ I cannot prate in puling strain

“ Of ladye-love, and beauty’s chain ;

“ If changing cheek, and scorching vein— 1105

“ Lips taught to writhe, but not complain—

“ If bursting heart, and mad’ning brain—

“ And daring deed, and vengeful steel—

“ And all that I have felt—and feel—

“ Betoken love—that love was mine, 1110

“ And shewn by many a bitter sign.

“ ’Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,

“ I knew but to obtain or die.

“ I die—but first I have possest,

“ And come what may, I *have been* blest ; 1115

“ Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?

“ No—reft of all—yet undismay’d

- “ But for the thought of Leila slain,
“ Give me the pleasure with the pain,
“ So would I live and love again. 1120
“ I grieve, but not, my holy guide !
“ For him who dies, but her who died ;
“ She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,
“ Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,
“ This breaking heart and throbbing head 1125
“ Should seek and share her narrow bed.
“ She was a form of life and light—
“ That seen—became a part of sight,
“ And rose—where’er I turned mine eye—
“ The Morning-star of Memory! 1130

“ Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven—
“ A spark of that immortal fire
“ With angels shar’d—by Alla given,
“ To lift from earth our low desire.
“ Devotion wafts the mind above, 1135
“ But Heaven itself descends in love—
“ A feeling from the Godhead caught,
“ To wean from self each sordid thought—

- “ A Ray of him who form’d the whole—
“ A Glory circling round the soul! 1140
“ I grant *my* love imperfect—all
“ That mortals by the name miscall—
“ Then deem it evil—what thou wilt—
“ But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
“ She was my life’s unerring light— 1145
“ That quench’d—what beam shall break my night?
“ Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
“ Although to death or deadliest ill!—
“ Why marvel ye? if they who lose
 ‘ This present joy, this future hope, 1150
 “ No more with sorrow meekly cope—
“ In phrenzy then their fate accuse—
“ In madness do those fearful deeds
 “ That seem to add but guilt to woe,
“ Alas! the breast that inly bleeds 1155
 “ Hath nought to dread from outward blow—
“ Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
“ Cares little into what abyss.—
“ Fierce as the gloomy vulture’s now
 “ To thee, old man, my deeds appear— 1160

- “ I read abhorrence on thy brow,
“ And this too was I born to bear!
“ ’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
“ With havock have I mark’d my way—
“ But this was taught me by the dove— 1165
“ To die—and know no second love.
“ This lesson yet hath man to learn,
“ Taught by the thing he dares to spurn—
“ The bird that sings within the brake,
“ The swan that swims upon the lake, 1170
“ One mate, and one alone, will take.
“ And let the fool still prone to range,
“ And sneer on all who cannot change—
“ Partake his jest with boasting boys,
“ I envy not his varied joys— 1175
“ But deem such feeble, heartless man,
“ Less than yon solitary swan—
“ Far—far beneath the shallow maid
“ He left believing and betray’d.
“ Such shame at least was never mine— 1180
“ Leila—each thought was only thine!—
“ My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
“ My hope on high—my all below.

“ Earth holds no other like to thee,
“ Or if it doth, in vain for me— 1185
“ For worlds I dare not view the dame
“ Resembling thee, yet not the same.
“ The very crimes that mar my youth
“ This bed of death—attest my truth—
“ ’Tis all too late—thou wert—thou art 1190
“ The cherished madness of my heart!

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
“ But not the breath of human life—
“ A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
“ And stung my every thought to strife.— 1195
“ Alike all time—abhorred all place,
“ Shuddering I shrunk from Nature’s face,
“ Where every hue that charmed before
“ The blackness of my bosom wore :—
“ The rest—thou do’st already know, 1200
“ And all my sins and half my woe—
“ But talk no more of penitence,
“ Thou see’st I soon shall part from hence—
“ And if thy holy tale were true—
“ The deed that’s done can’st *thou* undo ? 1205

“ Think me not thankless—but this grief

“ Looks not to priesthood for relief. ⁴¹

“ My soul’s estate in secret guess—

“ But would’st thou pity more—say less—

“ When thou can’st bid my Leila live, 1210

“ Then will I sue thee to forgive;

“ Then plead my cause in that high place

“ Where purchased masses proffer grace—

“ Go—when the hunter’s hand hath wrung

“ From forest-cave her shrieking young, 1215

“ And calm the lonely lioness—

“ But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,

“ When heart with heart delights to blend,

“ Where bloom my native valley’s bowers— 1220

“ I had— Ah! have I now?—a friend!—

“ To him this pledge I charge thee send—

“ Memorial of a youthful vow ;

“ I would remind him of my end,—

“ Though souls absorbed like mine allow 1225

“ Brief thought to distant friendship’s claim,

“ Yet dear to him my blighted name.

- “ ’Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
“ And I have smil’d—(I then could smile—)
“ When Prudence would his voice assume, 1230
“ And warn—I reck’d not what—the while—
“ But now remembrance whispers o’er
“ Those accents scarcely mark’d before.
“ Say—that his bodings came to pass,
“ And he will start to hear their truth, 1235
“ And wish his words had not been sooth,
“ Tell him—unheeding as I was—
“ Through many a busy bitter scene
“ Of all our golden youth had been—
“ In pain, my faltering tongue had tried 1240
“ To bless his memory ere I died ;
“ But heaven in wrath would turn away,
“ If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
“ I do not ask him not to blame—
“ Too gentle he to wound my name ; 1245
“ And what have I to do with fame ?
“ I do not ask him not to mourn,
“ Such cold request might sound like scorn ;

“ And what than friendship’s manly tear
 “ May better grace a brother’s bier ? 1250
 “ But bear this ring—his own of old—
 “ And tell him—what thou dost behold !
 “ The wither’d frame, the ruined mind,
 “ The wrack by passion left behind—
 “ A shrivelled scroll, a scatter’d leaf, 1255
 “ Sear’d by the autumn blast of grief !

* * * * *

“ Tell me no more of fancy’s gleam,
 “ No, father, no, ’twas not a dream ;
 “ Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
 “ I only watch’d, and wish’d to weep ; 1260
 “ But could not, for my burning brow
 “ Throbb’d to the very brain as now.
 “ I wish’d but for a single tear,
 “ As something welcome, new, and dear ;
 “ I wish’d it then—I wish it still, 1265
 “ Despair is stronger than my will.
 “ Waste not thine orison—despair
 “ Is mightier than thy pious prayer :

- “ I would not, if I might, be blest,
“ I want no paradise—but rest. 1270
“ ’Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
“ I saw her—yes—she liv’d again ;
“ And shining in her white symar,⁴²
“ As through yon pale grey cloud—the star
“ Which now I gaze on, as on her 1275
“ Who look’d and looks far lovelier ;
“ Dimly I view its trembling spark—
“ To-morrow’s night shall be more dark—
“ And I—before its rays appear,
“ That lifeless thing the living fear. 1280
“ I wander, father! for my soul
“ Is fleeting towards the final goal ;
“ I saw her, friar! and I rose,
“ Forgetful of our former woes ;
“ And rushing from my couch, I dart, 1285
“ And clasp her to my desperate heart ;
“ I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
“ No breathing form within my grasp,
“ No heart that beats reply to mine,
“ Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine! 1290

- “ And art thou, dearest, chang’d so much,
“ As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
“ Ah! were thy beauties e’er so cold,
“ I care not—so my arms enfold
“ The all they ever wish’d to hold. 1295
“ Alas! around a shadow prest,
“ They shrink upon my lonely breast;
“ Yet still—’tis there—in silence stands,
“ And beckons with beseeching hands!
“ With braided hair, and bright-black eye— 1300
“ I knew ’twas false—she could not die!
“ But he is dead—within the dell
“ I saw him buried where he fell;
“ He comes not—for he cannot break
“ From earth—why then art thou awake? 1305
“ They told me, wild waves roll’d above
“ The face I view, the form I love;
“ They told me—’twas a hideous tale!
“ I’d tell it—but my tongue would fail—
“ If true—and from thine ocean-cave 1310
“ Thou com’st to claim a calmer grave;
“ Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o’er
“ This brow that then will burn no more;

“ Or place them on my hopeless heart—

“ But, shape or shade !—whate’er thou art, 1315

“ In mercy, ne’er again depart—

“ Or farther with thee bear my soul,

“ Than winds can waft—or waters roll!—

* * * * *

“ Such is my name, and such my tale,

“ Confessor—to thy secret ear, 1320

“ I breathe the sorrows I bewail,

“ And thank thee for the generous tear

“ This glazing eye could never shed,

“ Then lay me with the humblest dead,

“ And save the cross above my head, 1325

“ Be neither name nor emblem spread—

“ By prying stranger to be read,

“ Or stay the passing pilgrim’s tread.”

He pass’d—nor of his name and race

Hath left a token or a trace, 1330

Save what the father must not say

Who shrived him on his dying day ;

This broken tale was all we knew

Of her he lov’d, or him he slew.⁴³

NOTES

TO

THE GIAOUR.

Note 1, page 1, line 3.

That tomb, which, gleaming o'er the cliff.

A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2, page 2, line 7.

Sultana of the Nightingale.

The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable—if I mistake not, the “Bulbul of a thousand tales” is one of his appellations.

Note 3, page 3, line 3.

Till the gay mariner's guitar.

The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night, with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Note 4, page 4, line 22.

Where cold Obstruction's apathy.

“Aye, but to die and go we know not where,

“To lie in cold obstruction.”

Measure for Measure, Act III. 130. Sc. 2.

Note 5, page 5, line 8.

The first—last look—by death reveal'd.

I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours after “the spirit is not there.” It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Note 6, page 8, line 5.

Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave.

Athens is the property of the Kislär Aga, (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode.—A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens!

Note 7, page 10, line 2.

'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.

Infidel.

Note 8, page 11, line 16.

In echoes of the far tophaike.

“Tophaike,” musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

Note 9, page 12, line 20.

Swift as the hurled on high jerreed.

Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople.—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my own observation.

Note 10, page 14, line 8.

He came, he went, like the Simoom.

The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Note 11, page 17, line 4.

To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

To partake of food—to break bread and salt with your host—insures the safety of the guest, even though an enemy; his person from that moment is sacred.

Note 12, page 17, line 12.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

Note 13, page 17, line 16.

And silver-sheathed ataghan.

The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Note 14, page 17, line 18.

An Emir by his garb of green.

Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Note 15, page 17, line 19.

Ho! who art thou?—this low salam.

Salam aleikoun! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian, “Urlarula,” a good journey; or saban hiresem, saban serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, “may your end be happy;” are the usual salutes.

Note 16, page 19, line 12.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.

The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17, page 21, line 15.

Or like the Scorpion girt by fire.

Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict “Felo de se.” The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question, as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Note 18, page 22, line 11.

When Rhamazan's last sun was set.

The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; see note 8.

Note 19, page 23, line 8.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.

Phingari, the moon.

Note 20, page 23, line 19.

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "cup of the sun," &c.—In the first editions "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Note 21, page 24, line 4.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Averni*," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22, page 24, line 9.

And keep that portion of his creed.

A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Note 23, page 24, line 15.

The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

Note 24, page 24, line 17.

Her hair in hyacinthine flow.

Hyacinthine, in Arabic, "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Note 25, page 25, line 5.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan.

"Franguestan," Circassia.

Note 26, page 28, line 6.

Bismillah! now the peril's past.

Bismillah—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27, page 29, line 10.

Then curl'd his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Note 28, page 29, line 20.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!

"Amaun," quarter, pardon.

Note 29, page 30, line 7.

I know him by the evil eye.

The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of

which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Note 30, page 32, line 20.

A fragment of his palampore.

The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31, page 35, line 13.

His calpac rent—his caftan red.

The “ Calpac ” is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32, page 36, line 1.

A turban carv'd in coarsest stone.

The turban—pillar—and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33, page 36, line 12.

At solemn sound of “ Alla Hu ! ”

“ Alla Hu ! ” the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34, page 36, line 21.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.

The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—“ I see—I
“ see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a
“ kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee,”
&c.

Note 35, page 37, line 4.

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

Note 36, page 37, line 6.

To wander round lost Eblis' throne.

Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37, page 37, line 11.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Note 38, page 38, line 17.

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Note 39, page 47, line 1.

It is as if the desert-bird.

The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Note 40, page 53, line 2.

Deep in whose darkly boding ear.

This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with down-right second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and enquired. “We are in peril,” he answered. “What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves?”—“True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“The shot!—not a tophaïke has been fired this morning.”—“I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“Psha.”—“As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot; whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palao-castro*” man: “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his

troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephtes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Note 41, page 59, line 2.

Looks not to priesthood for relief.

The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length, (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 42, page 62, line 5.

And shining in her white symar.

“Symar”—Shroud.

Note 43, page 64, last line.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr. Webb justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

